

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



J. VALLIERE

DECEMBER — 1953

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

N. ANDOVER, MASS.

JOURNAL STAFF



EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editors-in-Chief</i>	Martha Cavallaro and Barbara Wainwright
<i>News Editors</i>	Mary Ann Bootman and Josephine Luzzio
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	Richard Neal
<i>Poetry Editor</i>	Dorothy Hoessler
<i>Art Editors</i>	Beverlee Thomson and Susan Hearty
<i>Art Committee</i>	Helen S. Mooradkanian and Joan Valliere
<i>Humor Editors</i>	Elsie Thomas and Maureen Smith
<i>Humor Committee</i>	Ann Doherty, Corinne Smith, Barbara Driscoll

REPORTERS

<i>Boys' Sports</i>	Robert Kellan	<i>Senior Class</i>	Patricia Elander
<i>Girls' Sports</i> —Edithanne Bamford and Roberta Bamford		<i>Junior Class</i>	Margaret Macklin
<i>Assemblies</i>	Mary Love	<i>Sophomore Class</i>	Frances Broderick
<i>Guidance</i>	Jane Sargent	<i>Freshman Class</i>	Paula Weymouth
<i>Student Council</i>	Helen Marie McCarthy	<i>Special Features</i> —	Dorothy Weingart,
<i>Dances</i>	Betty Beletsky	Donna Mulchahey, Clinton Hollins	
		<i>Honor Society</i>	Donald Slipp

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Katherine Himber Patricia Daley

PROOFREADERS

Judith Williams	Mary Keane	Frances Broderick	Dorothy Sutcliffe
Alice Miller	Rhoda Broderick	Dawn Pavledakes	Barbara Paradis
David Lane	Robert Kellan	Louise Mooradkanian	

ROOM AGENTS

Raymond Giglio	Mary Keane	Elsie Thomas	Joyce Cuddy
Barbara Paradis	Corinne Smith	Carol Kopec	Maureen O'Keefe
Mary Ann Bootman			Mary Ann Tymyakiewicz

TYPISTS

Senior Typing Class

FACULTY ADVISOR

Ruth Ann Mooradkanian

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	1	RECORD	13
LITERARY	2	SPORTS	20
POET'S CORNER	10	EXCHANGES	22
TALK OF THE SCHOOL	12	HUMOR	22

Cover Design by Joan Valliere
Inside Art Work by Susan Hearty

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of Johnson High School, North Andover, Massachusetts

VOL. XXX

DECEMBER ISSUE

NO. 1

EDITORIAL



WELCOME FRESHMEN

As we start a new school year, we wish to welcome all the new students to J. H. S. We hope you will like it here as much as we do. Johnson has much to offer you if you wish to take advantage of it. We have a great variety of courses which will prepare you for any school or vocation you may want to enter after graduating. We have an excellent guidance office under the direction of Miss Gillen who will provide you with information on various occupations and help you plan your studies for your high school years. If your subjects are giving you any difficulty, your teachers are always glad to help you.

Extra-curricular activities include baseball, football, and basketball teams for the boys under the direction of Coach Lee. Miss Dunham coaches basketball teams for the girls. All the school organizations hold dances during the year. You'll hear some good music and really enjoy yourself if you attend them.

We hope that when you get into the new high school you will remember "Johnson" with fond memories, and we hope you'll have

as many good times at North Andover High as we have had at J. H. S.

The Editors

OUR DANCES

This year we are going to have eleven dances at our school. Last year we also had eleven. What percentage of the school went to those eleven?

The students come and see that not many have shown up, so the next time a school dance rolls around they go somewhere else where a larger crowd collects. If all the students wouldn't feel that way and would show up at our own dances instead of that of some other schools or organizations, we would have the crowd and entertainment that other dances do.

We aren't having our dances just to be able to make announcements about them; we are having them for the entertainment of our school.

Another mistaken idea that our students have is to come but not to dance. We aren't having the dance just for an opportunity for you to speak to your friend; we are having it so you will come and dance. Of course, we use the forty

cents that you paid to get in with, but that isn't the idea. We want you to come and dance.

If the students who don't know how to dance and would like to learn would go to the dances and try to dance and would watch the other people dance, they would pick up a great deal of the art of dancing in a short time. But if

they would merely *like* to learn and just go to the dances and don't make any effort to teach themselves, they certainly aren't going to learn.

Remember the saying "The more, the merrier" applies to dances as well as other places.

Jacqueline Finn, '54



LITERARY

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

Autumn—you think of it and you tingle. It's the most wonderful time of the year. School. New friends. New clothes.

You begin to make plans for the new school term. You wonder; and, of course, you worry. Will our team win? Will I pass algebra? Will I be able to stretch my allowance enough to buy three new skirts?

Yes, you wonder and you worry and you go to town to get—well, just one new skirt. You look at a blue plaid. No. The yellow one? Maybe. What about the red or green? They're all very pretty, but naturally you can't make up your mind. You never can.

You leave the store without buying and start to walk home. A soft breeze is blowing and the leaves are swirling to the ground. You are still thinking of the skirts, but gradually your mind wanders to the leaves. The beautiful swirling brown, gold and red leaves. And then it hits! Did God worry about the color he wanted the leaves to be? You think of this as you walk home. You have never thought so seriously before. But you really don't want to think of the leaves. After all you are only

a freshman. Can't you stick to worrying about clothes and marks?

You begin to walk faster. You want to get home so you can be around other people and forget your new thoughts. And yet you know you can't forget. You realize you are growing up and you should be happy. Let those new problems wait awhile before you begin to worry about them. Yes, you smile, but deep down inside you are sad and know they cannot wait.

Nancy Wainwright, '56

OF ALL THE LUCK

Jill Parker was not a beautiful girl, but she certainly was "cute." She had short brown hair and blue eyes, but most important, she had a radiant personality which had won many friends for her at Madison High where she was a junior. Whenever a good time was in store, Jill was there to enjoy it with the rest of the "gang."

It had all begun just one week ago, a bright fall morning in September. Jill had gone to school and the day had proceeded as usual until—Wow! He was standing in the corridor beside Room 8 (the senior room), looking a little bewildered. He was tall, broad shouldered, blond and blue-eyed. He

looked so confused that Jill just had to help him.

Shyly, she approached him and asked if he were lost. Smiling sheepishly, he admitted he was. After directing him to the right room, Jill continued on to her class.

Slipping into her seat, she was in a trance when her teacher suddenly brought her back to reality with a question.

At lunch, Jill fairly exploded telling her chum Claire about the morning's encounter. Claire agreed from his description that he must be "real gone."

"He was standing by Room 8," Jill explained, "so he can't be one of those adolescent juniors. He looked sort of—worldly!"

When the bell rang, the two girls started for their afternoon classes. Just as they settled into their seats, "he" walked into the classroom. Both girls sat up, startled. Breathlessly they watched him as he walked right to the teacher's desk, set his books down and said—

"All right, let's get to work. I'm the substitute teacher!"

Susan Hearty, '54

THE MELTING POT

I was working feverishly, believe it or not, on my algebra assignment when the telephone shrilled long and loud. Since I have long been used to just such interruptions, I continued to figure the value of "X", while I drawled a lazy "Hello?"

"Hi" said Mitch, one of my special girl friends. "Say, I'm on a spot. Will you help me out?" I really didn't have to answer; she knew I would.

"It's this way. One of our new neighbors called me to baby-sit, but I've already promised the Donaldsons. Could you take over for me?"

"Oke," said I. "Just give me the address."

"Well," said Mitch, "I suppose I should warn you that this isn't an ordinary family. As a matter of fact they have tried all over town to get a regular baby-sitter but no one seems to want the job. Oh, don't get excited; I understand they pay enough, but the catch is this: Mrs. Jones is a Japanese. That's right; a full-blooded Japanese! Not that it should make any difference. She's a lovely person. People seem to think though, that it just isn't right for an American boy to bring back an Oriental bride when there's such an abundance of unmarried girls right here. They are making life a wretched mess for her. Well, suit yourself, chum; I'll give you the address now if you're interested."

Within the next five minutes I had settled things with Mitch, gathered up my books, and started for the Jones's home. The walk took about a quarter of an hour, and all the way I rehearsed what I would say to the tawny-skinned Mrs. Jones before she left the baby in my care and went out for the evening.

"Look," I'd say, "Please don't judge the rest of us on the basis of those other girls you called. They may resent you but that's because they are narrow-minded. They are the exceptions, believe me. It's the American way to judge people by what they are inside, not by the color of their skin or the shape of their eyes. I'll be your friend, Mrs. Jones, and I'll sit for you anytime you call me."

Oh there was lots more. I invented or recalled all kinds of high-sounding phrases before reaching the house. Now, I was on the doorstep, bubbling over with things to say. Then Mrs. Jones opened the door for me. Suddenly something happened. I looked at

the tall, slender, calm woman and forgot all those speeches I had rehearsed so earnestly. Those unbelievably dark, almond-shaped eyes seemed to contain all the wisdom and quiet acceptance of life that the Orient has been noted for. I realized any thing I said would sound silly. She knew the situation and accepted it in her calm way just as her ancestors had accepted their trials for generations, with infinite trust in God and human nature to make all things right in their own time.

She smiled as I stepped across the threshold.

"Hello," I said, "I'm Donna."

Donna Mulchahey, '57

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

Can anyone predict New England weather? It certainly is a mystery how rapidly weather can change.

Yesterday was a May-like day. The sky was blue with a touch of spring in the air. Fire engines were called to extinguish a grass fire.

But today all is changed. Everything is under a blanket of snow. The storm has affected power lines, and many homes are without heat and electricity.

Yet we New Englanders wouldn't change places with anyone. We delight in these sudden changes and enjoy trying to predict what tomorrow's weather may be.

Joan Boyle, '55

THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTIONS

I named her Jinx because she is mostly black. I say, "mostly," for she possesses white markings on her chest, and walks daintily on four white paws.

She's not perfect, but then, how many of us are? In fact, she rebels against discipline, and will sulk in a corner until the "culprit" who

disciplined her feels he or she has made a grave mistake, and woos her back to good humor. Therefore, paradoxically, she is a shining example of good behavior! One has but to utter the stern command "ho" and she'll slink back to her box and gaze at you with sorrowful eyes until all is forgiven.

Of course she has her weaknesses, too. And if she happens to take a liking to Mother's slipper, of the new living-room drapes, one must be doubly watchful until she no longer succumbs to its spell. And because she isn't sufficiently housebroken, barriers are set up between doors in the form of window screens. An "iron curtain," so to speak!

She's not of a high pedigree. "Mostly Irish Setter and the Unknown Factor" is my usual explanation. She has the earmarks of an extrovert, and, if left alone, she howls indignantly until someone comes to her rescue. But she is loved by all and she loves all, which accounts for the countless strange people she follows up the street, and the nylons she snags in her eagerness to greet them.

Maybe you wonder why I bother to keep her, but it's simple. She's smart and she learns fast, she's experiencing "growing pains" as we all do, and—she's mine.

Dorothy Weingart, '55

MARCY KNOWS HER FRIENDS

"Marcy, Marcy Gordan, wait a minute," a voice called.

Slowly Marcy turned. Sure enough the saccharine voice belonged to Daphne Borden.

"What could she want me for?" Marcy asked herself. "Daphne, the most sought after society girl in town."

Daphne Borden was, in truth, a society girl. Her ebony hair was a perfect background for her pure

creamy-white complexion, royal blue eyes, and full, bright red mouth. She was the envy of every girl in Bordensville. Her clothes were New York originals and very beautiful. She had gone to an exclusive school where they taught everything from grammar to poise. Daphne's father owned the town bank, and Borden was a member and president of countless organizations.

"Oh, Marcy," Daphne exclaimed, floating toward her, "I've been looking all over town for you. I'm having a party at my house two weeks from this Saturday at 8:15 and I thought perhaps you would like to come." She smiled sweetly as she asked her.

"W-why I'd love to, Daphne," she breathed excitedly, trying, though not quite succeeding, to make her voice sound natural.

"Fine. I'll have someone pick you up at 8:10. All right?"

"Yes, that will be swell," agreed Marcy.

"Bye then, and I'll see you at the party," Daphne said.

She stooped, picked up her miniature French poodle, walked a little way, stepped into her own yellow convertible, and drove away.

Marcy stood for a few seconds looking at the disappearing car, then turned and walked swiftly toward home.

"Wait 'til Joanne hears this," she said half-aloud.

"Joanne!" she exclaimed, "I'm invited to Joanne's birthday party on the same day. Oh! she'll understand. I've gone every other year and this is my big chance."

When Marcy reached home and told her mother what had happened her mother's face clouded and she asked, "What about Joanne's party?"

"Oh, mother, she won't mind. Please say I can go," pleaded Marcy.

Reluctantly Mrs. Gordan gave her daughter permission to go and Marcy ran to the telephone to call Joanne.

"Hello," came a small voice over the wire.

"Hello, Pudgy. This is Marcy. Is Joanne there?" Marcy asked Joanne's five year old brother.

"Just a minute, please," the small voice lisped.

"Hello!"

"Hi, Joanne. Listen, I just had to tell you that Daphne Borden asked me to her party two weeks from Saturday. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Swell, Marcy. But I thought you were coming to my birthday party?"

"Oh, Joanne, you don't mind really, do you? I mean, well, this is my one chance to get into Daphne's crowd."

"I suppose it is. Sorry, Marcy, but I have to go. My brother's calling me for supper. Bye."

The phone clicked and Marcy realized that Joanne was angry at her. She knew Pudgy wasn't calling because when he called he used every bit of lung power he had.

"Oh, well," she sighed and set the now heavy phone back into place.

The next two weeks seemed to drag by. None of the crowd called. Even buying the bright flame-colored dress was a chore. The French saleswoman had said the dress was "magnifique." Her bright blue eyes and lemon-colored, naturally curly hair went perfectly with the dress.

Finally Saturday came. It was a clear, sweet-smelling day. "But it will be hot before the day is over," her father predicted.

The day wore on and Marcy knew her father, always the amateur weather-man, was right.

The evening came but didn't bring with it the usual cooling breezes. Marcy decided to wear

her hair pulled back with a ribbon the same color as her dress.

With great anticipation, Marcy donned the elegant and somewhat expensive dress. Her mother had said that she might spend more than usual since this was a special occasion. It was beautiful. The folds moved like ocean waves and rested like autumn leaves.

Eight o'clock arrived and Marcy descended the fifteen green-carpeted stairs to the parlor below. Mr. and Mrs. Gordan had gone to Joanne's party and Marcy was alone in the house.

"I wonder what color the car will be?" Marcy said aloud. Maybe it will be a yellow convertible like Daphne's."

Eight-thirty—quarter of nine. Then nine o'clock arrived and Marcy knew Daphne had played a joke on her.

Quickly she ran up the stairs, lay on her bed and cried herself to sleep.

Softly Mrs. Gordan went up the stairs and glanced into Marcy's room. Amazed to see the young girl home so soon, she went in and wakened her.

"Marcy, what are you doing home so soon?" she asked.

"Oh, Mom, Daphne just asked me to her party for a joke," cried Marcy.

"Sometimes people don't realize that other people have feelings too, Marcy," her mother said.

She nodded and knew her mother meant her and Daphne.

"Will Joanne forgive me?" asked she.

"Of course, Marcy. Now go to sleep. Remember tomorrow is another day," her mother answered.

As Marcy lay in bed, the bright moon shining on the pale yellow walls and deep blue curtains of her room, she thought of a song she had learned when she was twelve years old.

Make new friends,

But keep the old.
Some are silver,
And some are gold.

Francie Broderick, '56

DISSENSION IN THE SKY

Halley's Comet, better known as the star with a tail, and the Little Bear were the best of friends. Their great friendship dated back many hundreds of years to the time when there was a great famine in the sky. Even the Milky Way had run dry. The Hunter, another inhabitant, could bear it no longer and decided to kill the Little Bear for food. But Halley's Comet, seeing his wicked intentions, sped past the Hunter, letting his long, bright tail temporarily blind him, and thus defeated the unscrupulous plan.

At this time there was no dissension between these life-time friends. No one knows exactly how it started, but soon they were pulling each other's tails while fire gleamed in their eyes. The motherly instinct of the Big Bear summoned her to the scene. Seeing her child molested in such a way, her emotions ran away with her and she gave Halley's Comet a good whack where it hurt the most. Much to the astonishment of the other stars, the poor little comet spun round and round and couldn't seem to stop. As a matter of fact she never did stop, and that is why once every seventy-five years Halley's Comet is seen racing across the sky. She never did recover from that blow.

Louise Mooradkanian, '57

A DOUBLE BITE

Joan and Dick Carter relaxed on the porch of the cottage hired for a belated vacation. Down the dusty road a small boy, fishing pole over his shoulder, trudged slowly past.

"Wonder where he's going?" Dick asked his wife.

"Your rod is in the hall closet. Why don't you follow him and see?" suggested Joan.

Without further ado, Dick sprang to his feet, raced indoors and returned with his rod and rubber boots.

"Get out the frying pan. I'll be back with a batch for supper," he called as he hurried down the road after the youngster.

The boy turned into a wooded area and was seated on the bank of a shallow stream when Dick caught up with him.

"How's fishing here?" Dick inquired.

"Fine!" said the boy without looking up.

Dick waded a distance up stream to deeper water and cast his line several times, but nothing happened. Again and again he tried, then moved further along. The afternoon waned without a nibble. Disgusted, he waded back to the boy.

"Any luck?" Dick inquired.

The lad turned toward a row of shiny trout nestled in the moss beside him.

Dick's eyes widened. His hand jingled silver in his pocket.

"Want to sell the batch?" he asked eagerly.

The boy grinned, rose, accepted the coins, gathered up his tackle and ambled away. As he left he gave a shrill whistle, then quickly disappeared down the path.

Dick chuckled as he gathered up the catch, then turned to face a slim, weather-beaten man who stood watching him.

"Quite a haul," said the man. "Didn't you see that sign? This is private property. I'm Farmer Jones. Stocked this brook myself. Guess I'll have to take that fish."

Dick's face clouded. "I don't want any trouble," he said. "Could I pay for them?"

"Well, seeing as how you're new around here, ten dollars should be about right," drawled the farmer.

"There was nothing to it," said Dick when Joan praised his skill.

He insisted on frying the fish himself, and, after a luscious meal, as they lolled on the porch, Dick was saying, "I no sooner cast my line when I got a bite. They were just begging to be hooked."

Just then the grinning boy passed.

"How'd you like the fish I caught?" he called. "Hope Farmer Jones didn't see them. He don't mind natives fishing, but he puts the bite on strangers, as they break down his fences and let the cattle out."

There was a look of surprise, then enlightenment, on Joan's face.

Dick looked sheepish, then glowered thoughtfully.

"By the way, kid, what's your name?" he called.

"Billy Jones!" came the impish retort.

Claire Towler, '57

THE CAGE

A fierce wind moaned around the gloomy form of a creaking farmhouse. The yellow glow of a kerosene lamp could be seen from a window. The weather-beaten structure was a lonely sentinel surrounded by the clutching fingers of swaying trees and enclosed by imposing mountains. In the cellar, the owner was feverishly completing a strange cage with heavy iron bars. When he had finished, he smiled with satisfaction.

From the cellar stairs his wife called to inform him she was about to leave for a visit with a sick neighbor. Soon the wagon was heard clattering out of the yard. As the husband was watching the departing wagon, he noticed the

full moon sinisterly glaring down at him. He ran frantically out to the road and screamed hysterically, "Come back, you'll be killed!" But it was too late! His frantic plea changed into the ear-splitting shrieks of a mad beast. Where the farmer had stood there loomed the shaggy, ugly bulk of a were-wolf, with head thrown back and gleaming fangs shining in the dusk. The huge creature dashed into the forest, destroying all animals in his path.

Later, the returning wagon attracted the were-wolf, who jumped onto a high ledge where his fantastic half-man, half-wolf silhouette was etched against the sky. He uttered a blood-curdling scream which whipped the horses into a frenzy. The creature leaped to the road and bounded after the speeding wagon. The sweating horses seemed like silver streaks as they sped along the road. When the house was reached, the terrified woman dashed inside, forgetting in her fright to bolt the doors. Remembering the cage, she flew down the cellar stairs and imprisoned herself in the enclosure. The were-wolf leaped into the cellar and thrust a huge arm into the cage. The beast continued violently clawing and slashing unsuccessfully. Presently, some suspicious hunters rushed to the scene and shot the creature. To their horror, the writhing beast slowly changed into the woman's husband.

Benjamin Farnum, '56

KITCHEN MISCHIEF

"Oh, what can we do?" complained my guest for the afternoon.

We had racked our nine year old brains on this question for a full fifteen minutes, which is like an eternity when doing absolutely nothing.

"We can't play school 'cause we did that yesterday, and I don't want to play house either," I stated firmly.

"And we can't go out in the barn or play in the loft 'cause the men are working there," she sighed.

We sat silently for a few minutes on our favorite retreat, the shed roof.

"I'm thirsty. Let's go in the house and get something to drink," I suggested.

My friend seconded the motion, and we raced each other to the door.

I yanked open the refrigerator door and said disappointedly, "There's nothing but milk to drink in here. I want something with a flavor.

"There's some chocolate stuff, she mentioned. "Mix some of it with milk."

I accepted this plan and we proceeded to make the concoction. It proved to be very lumpy and bitter. We decided to fix something better.

By this time we knew we had found our afternoon's entertainment. We continued taking turns being "soda jerk" and searching the pantry for ingredients which we combined to make the "sodas," "frappes," etc., while one of us acted as the "customer" (or, more aptly phrased, the "victim").

Dad was working with the men in the barn, so we had the run of the house of which we succeeded in making a terrific mess with our "specials," one of which contained something like milk, pickle juice, enough pepper to keep one in sneezes for a week, a spoiled strawberry, and various other repulsive items.

We tried to make our drinks as absurd as possible and little thought was given to how the "customers" would feel next day.

Suddenly, Dad appeared at the

kitchen door. We trembled under his stern stare.

He commanded, "This room is to be cleaned up this instant! And I don't want to see it in this condition again!"

We dashed about wiping up spilled and wasted foods and washed the many bowls, spoons, and tumblers we'd employed in our escapade. It was hard work because our stomachs were beginning to burn ferociously.

I did not enjoy my uncomfortable "vacation" from school next day!

Alice Miller, '57

LORD, GIVE US STRENGTH

And the king uttered his last words—"My people, some day soon the Prince of Peace shall come, and the innocent shall no longer suffer. The Heavens shall cease frowning upon the quarreling nations. Things always appear darkest before good and happiness come. Yes, the Prince of Peace shall come!"

Rosemary's throat tightened, and she fought bravely to keep back the oceans of tears as she read those words. Suddenly the sun seemed to frown; the warm, friendly breeze seemed icy and forbidding; the chattering of the birds stopped simultaneously as if they, too, had observed this great sorrow that had closed the door of her heart to all happiness.

For two weeks now, Rosemary had dreaded seeing or talking to anyone. Her once lovely, well-kept blonde hair was now flying carelessly and appeared as if it, too, no longer cared whether it lived or died. No one knew what had happened, perhaps no one cared. She was all alone in this cruel world now. Her parents had both died when she was twelve. That left only Steve and herself. Then Steve had gone to seek an

opportunity on wings in the Air Force blue.

"Oh, Steve, Steve, my brother." she uttered, still trying to appear calm.

The neighbor's two children had come over an hour ago and begged Rosemary to read them a story from their new book. She hadn't been able to refuse their pleas, and now they all were sitting under the weeping-willow in Rosemary's back yard.

"I—I think that's all we'll read today. Perhaps tomorrow—"

"Oh, there's Daddy," the children cried. "Thank you, Rosemary. Good-bye, bye," they called, as they raced home to greet their Daddy.

Rosemary sat, staring at the happy children but not really seeing them, for she had again plunged into her joyless world of memories.

Two weeks ago, yes, at exactly this time, she had been reading to the children when she had had a visitor. She had watched his hesitating steps, as this tall, blond, handsome young man had come up the walk.

"Mm-m, he certainly is good looking," she had thought, as the young man in the Air Force uniform had asked, "Miss Collins?"

"Why, yes," she had answered while looking into his sad, brown eyes. "Oh, what a lucky day for me. My Prince Charming has come," she had thought.

"Miss Collins, I—," he'd cleared his throat, as if dreading to go on. "I, I'm a friend of Steve's."

"A friend of Steve's?" How wonderful! Please come in and stay for dinner, and tell me all about him. He hasn't written for so long. I was beginning to get worried. But, you know how brothers are. It's been so lonely for me since he joined the Air Force. How is he? Have you seen him lately? When will he be com-

ing home? Did he receive my—is there something wrong? Are you ill?” She’d suddenly stopped her flow of questions, as she’d seen his troubled, boyish countenance.

“This is very difficult to tell you,” he’d begun sympathetically, “I really don’t—”

“What is it?” she’d shrieked, suddenly grasped by an unknown fear.

“We were making a raid on the Reds. Everything had gone off fine and we were leaving, believing our mission successfully completed, when, out of nowhere, a Red plane appeared. I saw it first and fired, but it was too late. Steve’s gas tank was on fire. I—I—”

“Oh, no! No!” she’d cried, “He can’t be, he isn’t—you’re joking. Please say you’re joking.”

“I wish I could,” he’d started to say.

“Is there any chance that he’s still alive?” Rosemary had managed to say.

“I think it’s better for both of us to believe that he’s he’s—that he was killed while performing an heroic action.”

“Heroic action, heroic action,”

the words echoed in her ears as she sat, reacting this conversation which had taken place two weeks ago. She remembered the messenger’s look, this “Prince Charming” who was the messenger of the horrible news, as he told her, “His last words, just before he bailed out, were, ‘Take care of Rosemary for me.’”

“How can life go on,” she thought, “when this world is so cruel, when our loved ones are mercilessly killed fighting wars? Will there never be a peaceful world? Will men never stop destroying and start creating?”

She glanced up and saw this same young man, who was looking past her tear-stained face, reading her thoughts.

He put his arm around her comfortingly, and the great shadow on her heart lifted as she bravely recalled the words, “Soon the Prince of Peace shall come and show his people the way. The innocent shall no longer suffer. The Heavens shall cease frowning upon the quarreling nations. Yes, the Prince of Peace shall come!”

Beverlee Thomson, '54



POET'S CORNER

MADONNA

Her ebony hair rests against her soft cheek,

Her eyes are like sapphires of blue.

Inky long lashes grace her sweet smile,

The pearls at her throat are like drops of dew.

Her skin is as soft as the billowing cloud,

Her lips are like beauty rose petals.

The rarest glory of graciousness untold

Upon her lovely face settles.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

GRANDMA

She's sixty-three, and by all that's in me
She's a might of a goodly dame.

Wears satins and laces

In the joltingest places

And her roguery lends her neighborhood fame.

She wears neat silver braidings

But a favorable day brings

A crown of a bonnet to boot!

It has veiling and smigeons

Of feathers from pigeons.

See how she spends a man's loot?

She bakes dainty cream tarts
 And warms all the kid's hearts;
 Late Gable movies are her choice.
 The balcony slays her,
 And the couples amaze her,
 When tears flow free, she'll rejoice.
 She's the town's social worker
 'Cause homebodies irk her
 And her heart's as big as the moon.
 Her canasta club shimmers
 And ah! those smorgasbord dinners
 Keep her busy as Nature in June.
 Well, now isn't she goodly;
 Pray tell, who else could be?
 'Tis her life to enjoy while she may.
 She may traipse and meander
 But no soul will be grander
 When the rocking chair claims her some
 day.

Dot Hoessler, '55

THE SUMMER HAS GONE

The summer has gone, the time loved best
 Each tiny bud, each leaf at rest.
 The sun reflects a crystal glow
 On icy windows etched in snow.
 The birds resume their conventional way,
 The buttercups weep and wither away.
 But, what of the summer smiles we've
 shared?
 The dewy morning meadows along which
 we fared?
 And the winding woodlands road each
 night
 That were bathed in a blanket of pale
 moonlight?
 You laughed when I asked the daisy to
 tell
 The words I wanted to hear so well
 I wore a talisman in my hair,

The essence and fragrance of the fair.
 Remember these things the deep winter
 long,
 And return when the redbreast once more
 sings his song.
 We'll promise never more to stray
 From the path in the moonlight that
 beckons our way.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

AUTUMN TIME

The maple leaf has turned to brown;
 The weeping willows have lost their
 frown.
 The shallow stream where the bullfrogs
 sang,
 The old wooden pier, where voices rang.
 Are now lonesome, quiet places,
 Eery and grotesque and full of spaces.
 'Tis autumn and the moon is shining
 bright,
 When all things are shadows and goblins
 are in sight;
 The corn stalks are perched up high,
 In shimmery furrows and beseech the sky.
 All through the town on a dark chilly
 night,
 Pumpkins are aglow with candlelight.
 Of all the seasons this is the rarest,
 Most colorful, beautiful and fairest.

Gerald Smith, '55

SCHOOL SPIRIT

In all walks of life, it's always the same.
 Winning or losing is part of the game.
 If you win it's all through pluck;
 Losing the game is just bad luck.
 So always keep your school spirit high;
 Don't let it down—boost it to the sky.

Beverly Morley, '55





TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Congratulations are in order for the school band, which made its debut at the Johnson-Maynard game October 24. Music Supervisor Clarence S. Mosher has spent many long afternoons after school, whipping the group into an organization that we can well be proud of. His efforts were not wasted.

There were many favorable comments and wishes for greater success directed to the band as I sat watching the game! I want to add mine now. You did a fine job, kids.

Senior Jackie Finn deserves a pat on the back, too, for performing her duties as majorette so well.

Our cheerleaders, too frequently taken for granted, have whipped up some new cheers with the help of Miss Harriet Dunham, new Physical Education instructor.

The long practice hours after school certainly show up in the fine performances turned in at the games.

D.W.

Mascot Martha Dushame is a new addition to the cheering squad and a probable addition to the future cheerleaders of J. H. S.

Work seems to be progressing rapidly on the new high school. Soon the exterior will be completed and the workers can move

inside, out of the bad weather. This building provides many good examples of the laws of physics and that class is constantly discussing different phases of its construction.

Mr. Finneran's canine fashion plate "Shane" was dressed in the height of fashion at the Maynard-Johnson game in a jacket of red and black checks—school colors, natch!

The red and black pins being sported by everyone were sold by the Juniors to help their treasury along. Judging from the receipts, it was a very good idea.

Recently in Room 8, several boys were helping Miss Mooradian collect delinquent payments for the *Journal*. She had placed her books and papers on Ronnie Fountain's desk and Ronnie asked if he might deposit his books in said receptacle. As she nodded agreement, each boy decided to help. One was removing her hand bag when it inverted itself. The entire contents were strewn in many directions over the floor. The boys spent the next few minutes picking up, amid profuse apologies issuing from the direction of the culprits. C.H.





RECORD

MEET MISS DUNHAM

A new addition to our teaching staff this year is Miss Harriet Dunham. She teaches problems of democracy, physical education, and health. She also coaches our girls' basketball team.

She was born in Norwich, Vermont, and attended grammar and high school in Winthrop, Massachusetts. While in high school she participated in the following sports—basketball, softball, and field hockey. She attended the Bouve-Boston School and received the Tufts College Bachelor of Science in Education degree upon completion of her four year course. She practice-taught at Winthrop High School and later taught at Auburn High School.

Miss Dunham enjoys swimming and team sports, including football and hockey. She also likes baseball and is an ardent Red Sox fan. She spends her summers at Cape Cod and during the past summer she worked in the post office at Centerville.

We have found Miss Dunham to be a very likable teacher with many interesting ideas. We hope she enjoys teaching at Johnson as much as we enjoy having her on our faculty.

The Editors

HERE COMES THE BAND!

At last we have a school band, and it's one to be proud of. Thanks to the great work of Mr. Clarence Mosher, Jr., our patient music instructor, we have finally realized a long-time ambition of our school.

Smartly dressed in their red and

black uniforms, the band members made their first appearance at our "homecoming game" with Maynard High. In a parade, led by the cheerleaders, they marched from the Central Fire Station to Grogan's Field. The parade route was well-lined with loyal townspeople who came to witness this exciting event. Mr. Mosher and the band were highly praised by all who heard them.

At the field they played some of our school songs and, during the half, performed for the crowd. We are pleased at the accomplishment of our band and are looking forward to many more fine performances. We should certainly give Mr. Mosher our utmost thanks for all the hard work he has put into giving us such a fine band. Hats off to a swell group!

The Editors

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council held its first organizational meeting on October 5. A list of suggested activities was given to each member. Mr. Hayes explained the purpose of the council as a link between teachers and students. It is also a democratic plan of school organization.

By a hand vote the following were elected as officers:

President	Bruce Hamilton
Vice-President	Ann Bullock
Secretary-Treasurer	Carol Long

The President was authorized to appoint a committee of two seniors, two juniors, one sophomore, and one freshman besides

himself to draw up the school Social Calendar.

Social Calendar

- *October 30 — Senior-Freshman Dance
- November 13—Football Dance
- December 11—Student Council Dance
- January 8 — Girls' Basketball Dance
- January 29—Gobbler Dance
- February 19—Journal Dance
- *March 12 — Sophomore - Junior Dance
- March 26—Honor Society Dance
- April 1 and 2—Annual School Play
- April 23—Prom Benefit Dance
- June 11—Junior-Senior Prom

*Indicates a member of the school may bring one guest of the opposite sex. Tickets to these dances must be secured before the dance, as none will be sold at the door.

Members of the Council are:

Bruce Hamilton
 Charles Turner
 Ann Bullock 32
 Laurence Corcoran
 Maureen Smith
 Elsie Thomas
 James Norwood
 Edward Snell
 Frances Broderick
 Robert Harris
 Roberta Kay
 Rhoda Broderick
 William Ritchie
 Patricia Buchan
 Joan Valliere
 Carol Long
 Howard Ratcliffe
 Charles Kettinger
 Francis Gillick
 Rolf Carlson
 Edithanne Bamford
 Richard Perry
 Dorothy Paradis
 Jessie McIntosh
 Gilda Nardi
 Adele Bullock
 Judith Knightly

Charles Hutchins
 Douglas Auer
 Anita Darveau
 Ruth Wallwork
 Ina Thomson

H.M.McC.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

On October 7, the Johnson Chapter of the National Honor Society held its first meeting of the 1953-1954 year. The primary purpose of this meeting was the election of officers. They are:

President—Donald Slipp
 Vice-President—Helen Marie McCarthy
 Secretary - Treasurer — Beverlee Thomson
 Council—Ann Bullock, Edithanne Bamford

On October 23, a brief meeting was held in preparation for the induction of new types of meetings.

On October 27, an Honor Society assembly was held for the purpose of inducting new members. Those inducted were:

Betty Beletsky
 Clinton Hollins
 Jeanette Houghton
 Josephine Luzzio
 Richard Neal
 Ina Thomson
 Roberta Bamford
 Joan Boyle
 Robert Kellan
 Dawn Pavledakes
 Jane Sargent
 Joan Valliere
 Corinne Smith
 Charlotte West

On November 10, a meeting was held for the purpose of making plans for the year. Several committees were formed. A committee was formed to take the names of those students who would be willing to help to tutor other students. The continuance of library passes

was approved. A committee was formed to take the names of town-folk who are willing to come to the school to give lectures. A committee was formed to iron out details for a before-school study hall. Another committee was formed to improve general conditions in the school. D.S.

ASSEMBLIES

This year we have been fortunate to have had several assemblies in which awards have been made.

Members of the Registry of Motor Vehicles staff in Boston presented the town of North Andover with a Pedestrian Safety Award for the second consecutive year.

An assembly for induction into the Honor Society was held.

We also had a demonstration on Fire Prevention.

We had a very interesting demonstration of television and radio sound waves. M.L.

FRESHMAN CLASS

As Freshmen, we held our first election of class officers. We are proud of them and think that they were well chosen.

President Robert Harris graduated from the Kittredge Grammar School. He intends to go to college but has not decided what college he wishes to attend. He wants to study conservation.

Vice-President Roberta Kay graduated from the Kittredge. She intends to continue her education but has not, as yet, decided where, nor has she decided what she would like to major in.

Secretary-Treasurer Rhoda Broderick graduated from St. Michael's Parochial School. She would like to attend college if possible, but has no special college in mind. She

is thinking of entering the teaching profession.

Judith Knightly graduated from Thomson. She wants to go to college, but has no special college in mind. She intends to be a teacher. She is the home-room representative of Room 12.

Dorothy Paradis graduated from the Bradstreet. She intends to go into nurses' training after high school. She is the home-room representative of Room 10.

Richard Perry graduated from the Thomson. He intends to enter into some branch of military service. He is the home-room representative of Room 10. P.W.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Congratulations to Jim Norwood, Ted Snell, and Francie Broderick for getting elected as the Sophomore class officers.

Jim Norwood was the vice-president last year and was elected as president this year. We know you'll do a fine job, Jim.

This is Ted Snell's first year as a class officer, but his fine sense of humor and personality will help him do a wonderful job as vice-president.

Last year Francie Broderick was secretary-treasurer and this year she was elected to the same office. Congratulations, Fran.

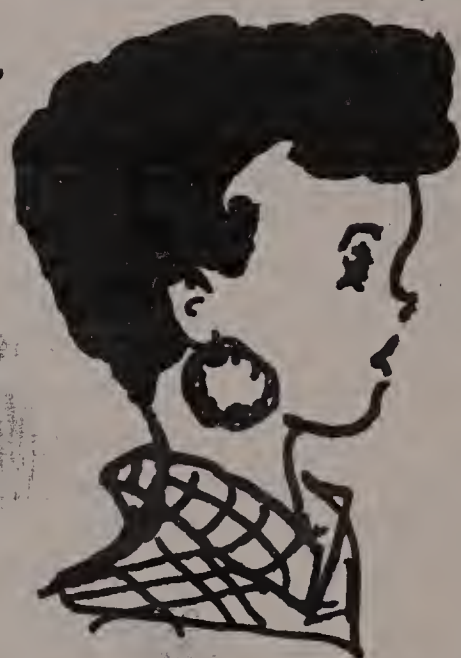
With these three classmates working together this sophomore year is sure to be a very enjoyable one. B.B.

JUNIOR CLASS

Hi, kids! This year, as upper-classmen, we re-elected as president Larry Corcoran and, as vice-president, Maureen Smith. The new keeper of our records, namely the treasurer, is Elsie Thomas. Good luck, officers. We're all behind you! (Continued on Page 18)

Fads and Fash

around scho



M'lady's
Latest
Hair-do!



All the
dangle bracelets!

ons



The New
Uses for
Dog Collars !



The Boy's
Nice Sweaters

S. Healy

At the present time we're engaged in a money-making project, selling "Johnson pins." If we sell all of them, we will net \$33.00, which we badly need. Get out and sell them, juniors.

We have chosen our class rings and voted to have N. A. on them instead of Johnson, for we will be the first class graduating from our new high school. It ought to look quite nice. Our jeweler, Caliri, Inc. of Lawrence, will get the delivery of rings to his store by the first of April. M.A.M.

SENIOR CLASS

We started our senior year by electing our class officers. Bruce Hamilton was chosen as president of our class. Bruce was also chosen as president of the Student Council. Chuck Turner, our basketball captain, was chosen as vice-president. Ann Bullock again was elected secretary-treasurer, making this her fourth year in that particular office. Donald Slipp holds the important position of president of the Honor Society, and Beverlee Thomson is its secretary-treasurer. We are certain each will do his best in governing our class.

A new member has been added to our class—Priscilla Avery. Priscilla comes from Vermont, and has proven an excellent classmate.

Three additional senior girls were elected as part of our cheering squad. They are Nellie Moschetto, Kitty Driscoll, and Ina Thomson. Congratulations on your good work, girls! P.M.E.

GUIDANCE REPORT

On September 24, our guidance director, Miss Gillen, attended a conference at Northeastern University. There, our guidance program was planned for the year.

A group of our senior boys was present at an open house held by

Massachusetts Institute of Technology on September 26.

Kay Himber, Susan Hearty, Josie Luzzio, and David Lane visited Massachusetts State College October 3.

A very interesting assembly was held October 23 for the juniors and seniors. Mr. Darling of Northeastern University gave a talk on numerous vocations and showed colored slides illustrating each of them.

On November 5 an open house was held at Burbank Hospital which some of our students attended.

Also on the same day, Bobbie Bamford, Helen Marie McCarthy, Julia Gillick and Ann Doyle were present at an open house sponsored by Emmanuel College.

J.E.S.

CONSUMER EDUCATION

3-1 and 3-2 (Mr. Taylor)

The Consumer Education classes have so far had two very informative speakers and one movie.

The movie was entitled "Quality Control in Modern Merchandising." It dealt with the manufacture of various products, and how they are tested and retested before they are put on the market for sale to the consumer.

The first speaker was Miss Mary Pickles of Calvin Coolidge College of Liberal Arts. Miss Pickles did not try to "sell" any particular college, but tried to point out to the Juniors college requirements, how to select their college, courses required in most colleges and so forth.

Arthur J. DeFusco, Attorney at Law from Lawrence. Mr. DeFusco tried to point out why young people should have an elementary knowledge of law. He also tried to solve several "legal" problems of the class members. Mr. DeFusco

is an excellent speaker with the ability to inject a little bit of humor into a very complex subject.

3-3 and 3-4 (Mr. Steele)

Miss Vose from the Lawrence Social Security Department gave the Consumer Education classes a very interesting speech.

In her speech she spoke about the different phases of Social Security and its benefits. This talk was entertaining as well as beneficial.

M.A.B.

BANK DAY

Tuesday of each week is set aside as Bank Day. This system is connected with the Andover Savings Bank in our town which encourages the students at Johnson High School to practice thrift.

In the past this system has proved to be very successful, and we hope it will prove to be just as successful in the future.

M.A.B.

PATCH TEST

The students of Johnson High School were given the Patch Test to insure proper treatment in time in the possible presence of T. B.

M.A.B.

THE FRESHMAN AND SENIOR DANCE

The first social event of the year was the dance sponsored by the Freshman and Senior classes. The dance was a huge success. Members of all the classes filled the hall to display their school spirit. The gayly decorated hall looked appropriate for this time of the year as goblins, witches, spooks, and pumpkins danced and pranced over the walls and the curtain of the stage, celebrating the feast of Halloween.

We must thank Chuck Turner for bringing along his record player and all those "dreamy" records, so all could enjoy the latest in music. Our thanks are extended also to the Misses Clara and Veva Chapman, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Hayes for chaperoning our dance.

The money was divided among the two classes: \$30.11 to the seniors and \$30.10 to the freshmen.

B.B.

THE DUNGAREE HOP

The eve before Armistice Day, the 11th of November, found the Johnson High hall dimly lighted and a steady flow of teen-agers entering through the Main Street door to the hall to enjoy themselves dancing. The purpose was to help the seniors raise enough money to help them pay for their annual class picnic and prom. The old faded creamy walls had a touch of glamour when big, fat turkeys adorned them. Sun-bleached yellow and warm brown crepe paper cut in strips was stretched from light to light. The music was divine nice slow dreamy ones for those who like them that way and fast tempo records for the jitterbugs of the school, so that they could show off their fine talents.

The records and recorder were loaned to us through the kindness of the North Andover Community Center. Those who gave up their time to play the records and sell tickets and Coke were Bob Janusz, John Kilcourse, Lois Broderick, Kitty Driscoll, Barbara Paradis, Julie Gillick, Josie Luzzio, Bruce Hamilton, and scads more.

We must thank all those who helped in making our dance a success, the chaperons, and the students who attended even though other dances were being held in nearby cities. We all had a marvelous time, didn't we? B.B.



SPORTS

BOYS' SPORTS

Johnson began her '53 gridiron series at Weston, with the latter forcing the Black and Red eleven to succumb.

A Johnson fumble in the first half of the game started the Weston eleven on the warpath which, in spite of terrific J. H. S. resistance, could not be halted. However, in the final stanza, Johnson marched fifty-five yards to the Weston ten, but the latter's starters rushed back into the game to stop the drive.

The final outcome was 33-0.

Her next clash with Ipswich also proved fatal for Johnson when her rivals came through with a 33-6 count.

The contest looked grim from the beginning when Ipswich tallied up her first touchdown in the initial stanza. However, in the third period the Black and Red went over for their first and only six points of the day.

Johnson was handed her third straight loss of the season by her arch rival Methuen. Although Johnson controlled the ball for the majority of the first period, allowing Methuen possession of it but once, and then but briefly; and, despite the fact that the offensive-minded Methuen never got past the Johnson 30, during the third session, due to the game playing of the Johnson defenders who warded off all and any attacks thrown at them, she was forced to yield to a tune of 13-0.

The tide changed when Johnson met Somerville on the field of combat, for it proved to be the

first victory for the Black and Red. Due to the sensational tackling, running, and teamwork of all the boys wearing the black and red uniforms, we were for the first time able to leave the field with a look of pride and a stride of new-born assurance over our victorious score of 40-0.

The Johnson-Maynard game could be classified as the season's heart-breaker for the black and red eleven, for one point proved to be the deciding factor. The all-important extra point came after the final touchdown in the fourth quarter, and the only one registered during the afternoon, enabling Maynard High to edge Johnson 13-12, as the latter made its home debut.

A touchdown was the decisive marker in the contest between Johnson and her rival Wilmington. Johnson went out in front early in its game at Wilmington, but the latter, opposing the Black and Red force, came back to tie the count and then scored the winning points in the closing minutes of the game to win 13-6.

Johnson's next disappointment came to her during the Booster's Day contest in which she bowed to a strong Chelmsford High eleven. In the third period the Black and Red eleven staged their best offensive showing in the game, marching from their own thirty-five yard line to the visitors twenty, before giving the ball up on downs.

The annual "Turkey-Day" contest was held at Punchard and, although Johnson was defeated,

she could be proud of the clean, hard game her boys played.

Held scoreless throughout the first period, due to terrific opposition, Punchard finally broke our resistance and went on to win with a count of 20-7.

This wraps up this year's grid-iron series and, although it did not break any records, it proved once more that though Johnson might not win all the time, she does play fair and hard, and tries her best at all times.

R. Kellam

GIRLS' SPORTS

Three cheers for our cheerleaders who well deserve our thanks for their long hours of practice and enthusiasm. Our cheerleaders this year, as in the past, were a group of whom we here at Johnson might well be proud. As a result of their work, we had many new cheers. Among the new cheers are: "We've Got Jive," "Johnson Pyramid," and the "Indian Cheer." An Indian "tom-tom" was used as standard equipment along with the megaphones and dice. A prospective cheerleader in the making

was demonstrated by mascot Martha Dushame.

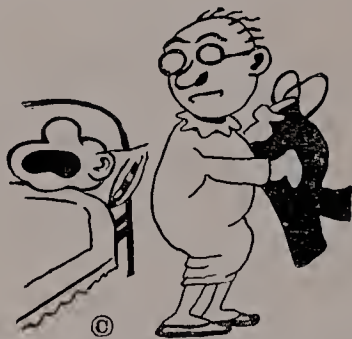
The cheerleaders are: Beverlee Thomson and Madeline Doherty, head leaders; Ann Doherty, Ina Thomson, Barbara Driscoll, Kitty Driscoll, Maureen Smith, Corinne Smith, and Nellie Moschetto.

With success as its goal, the basketball team is starting its season under the supervision and coaching of our new physical education teacher, Miss Harriet Dunham. A turn-out of twenty-five girls for the varsity squad looked encouraging to Coach Dunham and Captain Edie Bamford. Veterans from last year's squad are Elsie Thomas, Kitty Driscoll, Jackie Finn, Pris Marrs, Maureen Smith and Carol Long. New players are Ann Doherty, Madeline Doherty, Jean McIntosh, Millie Rose, Corinne Smith, Rosemary Cashman, Roberta Bamford, Lois Broderick, Ina Thomson, Maureen Cushing, Barb Driscoll, Josie Luzzio and Ida Mammino. Lois Haigh is the team manager.

Games are scheduled with eight schools who were not on last year's schedule. On the list are Topsfield, Woodbury, Groveland and Tewksbury.

R.E.B. and E.A.B.





EXCHANGES

The Canary, Allentown, Pennsylvania. *Canary* advocates:

1. More studying now rather than having to take exams.
2. More people in clubs instead of loafing in home-rooms.
3. More general friendliness instead of gathering in cliques.
4. More students at football games rooting for the team.
5. More appreciation of what we have rather than criticism of what we don't have. (Good work!)

* * * * *

The Archon, Governor Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

The large section devoted to

sports adds a lot to your publication.

* * * * *

The Oriole, Richland Center Wisconsin. Borrowed from your Sept. 28 issue:

Little Harold, having climbed to the pinnacle of the roof of a very steep shed, lost his footing and began to slide with terrific swiftness toward the point where the roof swept gracefully off into space. "O Lord, save me!" he prayed. "O Lord, save me! O Lord . . . never mind. I've caught on a nail."

R.N.



HUMOR

Chemistry

Sing a song of sulfide
A beaker full of lime,
Four and twenty test tubes
Breaking all the time.
When the top is lifted,
The fumes begin to reek.
Isn't that an awful mess
To have two times a week?

* * * * *

Just Between Us Girls

Flora: "She walks with a decided jerk."

Margie: "Yes, isn't he?"

"Hey, bud, whatcha doing, fishing?"

"Naw, drowning worms."

* * * * *

A young lady was asked by the prosecuting attorney, "What gear were in you in when the crash took place?"

She replied quickly, "A beret, two-tone shoes and a gray flannel suit."

* * * * *

Flattery is only soft soap, and soap is about fifty per cent lye.

Love at First Sight

Last night I held a hand
So dainty and so sweet;
I thought my heart would surely
break
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand in all the world
Can greater solace bring,
Than that sweet hand I held last
night—
Four Aces and a King.

* * * * *

Warning

“If you kiss me, I’ll call a mem-
ber of my family,” she warned.
So he kissed her: “Brother!” she
whispered.

* * * * *

Mr. Finneran to geometry class:
“What is a polygon?”
Student: “A dead parrot.”

* * * * *

Two students in the Chemistry
lab.:
“What’s the strange odor?”
“Fresh air, someone opened a
window.”

A Good Comeback

Teacher: “Give me a sentence
with a direct object.”
Pupil: “You are beautiful.”
Teacher: “What’s the direct ob-
ject?”
Pupil: “A good report card.”

* * * * *

Song Titles

“Mr. Touchdown” — Football
Team
“I Love Paris”—French Classes
“And So To Sleep Again” —
Study Hall
“Three Little Words”—To the
Office
“The Very Thought of You”—
Homework
“Relax” — Music Appreciation
Class
“Stranger(s) In Paradise” —
The Freshman Class
“I’m Sitting On Top of the
World”—The Senior Class

* * * * *

*We are indebted to current publica-
tions for our jokes.*

Compliments
of
A FRIEND

<p>THOMPSON'S</p> <p>GOOD FOOD AT POPULAR PRICES</p> <p>Jct. Routes 114 and 125</p> <p>Wilson's Corner No. Andover, Mass.</p> <p>Tel. 4309</p> <p>SYDNEY THOMPSON, <i>Mgr.</i></p>	<p>GEORGE H. SCHRUENDER'S</p> <p>AMOCO SERVICE STATION</p> <p>The Best Gasoline on the Market</p> <p>Chickering Road No. Andover, Mass.</p> <p>MOTOR OIL AND EXPERT TIRE REPAIR SERVICE</p>
--	---

“YOU’LL FIND IT ALL AT TREAT’S”

Everything in the Line of Sports

TREAT HARDWARE CORP.

582 ESSEX STREET

Dial 5115

25 BROADWAY

Lawrence, Massachusetts

“The House That Stands for Quality”

FRANK’S ATLANTIC SERVICE

Odelle F. Cashman, *Prop.*

GAS - OIL - BATTERIES

TIRES - TUBES - ACCESSORIES

4 Main Street

Tel. 7373

J. W. HERON

R. C. A. RADIO and TELEVISION

93 Water Street

No. Andover

DOWNTOWN BOOK SHOP

Books - Records - Greeting Cards

394 Essex Street

Lawrence, Mass.

Tel. 32072

D. MANGANO & SONS

Plumbing and Heating Contractors

Telephone 21415

61 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Compliments of

FRED HILTON

RANGE AND FUEL OIL

EXPERT LUBRICATION

Cor. Salem and So. Union Streets
South Lawrence

“FRIENDLY AND COURTEOUS”

LAKESIDE FILLING STATION

Albert G. Shellnutt, *Proprietor*

Cor. Osgood Street and Great Pond Road

“LET’S GET ACQUAINTED”

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CAMERACRAFT SHOP, INC.

CAMERAS, PROJECTORS
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

515 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.
Phone 30776

GREAT POND AGENCY

"SOURCE OF SERVICE"

INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE

108 Main Street

Tel. 7620

Harry R. Dow III, *Mgr.*

S. A. DiMauro, *Realtor*

THE BOYNTON PRESS, INC.

Compliments of

GALVAGNA'S GROCERIES

53a Union Street
Lawrence, Mass.

R. H. CAMPO CO.

STATIONERS AND
OFFICE OUTFITTERS

170-180 Common St., Lawrence, Mass.

THE

**JAMES P. HAINSWORTH
INSURANCE AGENCY**

150 Main Street

North Andover

**TROMBLY BROS.
SERVICE STATION**

EXPERT LUBRICATION
IGNITION, CARBURETOR AND
BRAKE REPAIR

Oil Burner Sales and Service

Range and Fuels—Wholesale and Retail

Charter Busses Tel. 31031 or 20657.

Sutton Street

North Andover

**CASHMAN'S
SERVICE STATION**

Raymond Cashman, *Prop.*

GAS, OIL, BATTERIES, TIRES
TUBES AND ACCESSORIES

Sutton Street

North Andover

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

*Compliments of***MESSINA'S MARKET**

156 SUTTON STREET
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

VAL'S RESTAURANT

ORDERS PUT UP TO TAKE OUT

Sandwiches and Coffee for Private
Parties - We'll Deliver

Tel. 26716

91 Main Street North Andover, Mass.

F. M. & T. E. ANDREW

INSURANCE

REALTORS

Over 50 Years of Honorable Dealing

Bay State Building Lawrence, Mass.
Tel. 7121

*Compliments of***FINNERAN'S DRUG STORE**

130 Main Street

North Andover

*Compliments of***JOHN R. HOSKING
STATIONER**

Milton Bradley School Supplies
512 Essex Street Tel. 7929 Lawrence

*Compliments of***SCOTT JEWELRY**

428 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

SUTTON'S MILL*Manufacturers of***WOOLEN GOODS****FOR WOMEN'S APPAREL**

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CALIRI, INCORPORATED

Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths

Visit Our Silver Room

447 ESSEX STREET Near Hampshire LAWRENCE, MASS.

Longbottom's Market

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"



Tel. 6188 - 6189 - 6180

134 Main Street North Andover

MAC'S GENERAL STORE

PAPERS — CANDY — ICE CREAM

GROCERIES — GREETING CARDS

FROZEN FOODS

7 Johnson Street

Tel. 30697 No. Andover, Mass.

GEO. LORD & SON

Established 1869

"THE STORE of BETTER SHOES"

445 Essex Street

Lawrence, Mass.

Weiner's

INCORPORATED

FINE FURS

276 Essex Street
Lawrence, Mass.

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.

SPORTING GOODS

SPORT CLOTHING

MOCCASINS

RUBBER FOOTWEAR

464 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

HERBERT H. LYONS

LINENS — HANDKERCHIEFS

ART GOODS

259 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Tel. 30801

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

COMPLIMENTS
OF A
FRIEND

THE FURNITURE BARN

FINE FURNITURE
AT LOW PRICES

Wilson's Corner

North Andover

F. A. HISCOX & CO.

EST. 1901

GENERAL DRY GOODS

Home Furnishings Women's Apparel

Infants' Wear and Accessories

496-498-500 Essex St. Lawrence, Mass.

MEAGAN'S

REXALL DRUG STORE



Telephone 28138

48 Water Street

North Andover

Compliments of

THE ANDOVER SAVINGS BANK

ANDOVER

NORTH ANDOVER

METHUEN

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

FOR QUALITY CLOTHES FOR MEN AND BOYS

SINCE 1880

COME TO

Macartney's

ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

555 Essex Street
Lawrence, Mass.
Use Our Convenient Budget Plan

— MEN'S CLOTHING —

S. A. BISTANY

If You Appreciate Good Quality and
Fitting It Will Pay You to Come to

EARLINGTON'S
SWEATER SHOP
SPORTSWEAR FOR MEN

Telephone 26523
502-504 Essex Street Lawrence

ZUBER CHOATE CO.

The Home of
BOTANY 500 CLOTHES FOR MEN
559 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Compliments of

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE



284 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

A. B. SUTHERLAND CO.

DEPARTMENT STORE



TELEPHONE 37173

309 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

ROAD SERVICE

ACCESSORIES

TURNPIKE SERVICE STATION

For Courteous, Efficient Service

YOUR TEXACO DEALER

E. W. Saul

1705 TURNPIKE STREET

ROUTE 114

NO. ANDOVER

Telephone 23309

FRED A. HENNING

INSURANCE

Life - Accident - Hospital - Fire
Liability

193 Newbury Street Lawrence, Mass.

DEHULLU'S MARKET



60 UNION STREET
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Tels. 32787-32788

ELITE PHARMACY

Joseph Campione, *Reg. Ph.*

Our Pharmacy is Your Family's
Beauty, Health and Prescription
Center

220 Middlesex St., No. Andover, Mass.

Tel. 33979

FOR A SNACK FOR A TREAT

THE PLACE IS

THE DEN

Clams - Pizza - Spaghetti
Sandwiches

Route 114, Den Rock Road Tel. 9888

WALTER W. ROWE



When You Want the
FINEST IN FURNITURE
Call WALTER W. ROWE, Tel. 21834

Blakely Building Lawrence, Mass.

TAYLOR SHOP



398 ESSEX STREET
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.



NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

DIVIDENDS on SAVINGS DEPOSITS
AT 3 % PER ANNUM

**MERRIMACK
COOPERATIVE BANK**

264 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Complete Equipment for Every Sport

WHITWORTH'S
RUBBER AND SPORTING GOODS
STORE

581 Essex Street Lawrence

Compliments of

**GENE DALEY'S
TEXACO STATION**

South Lawrence, Mass.

ADELARD J. TREMBLAY

OPTICIAN

47 Broadway Lawrence, Mass.
Tel. 35842

LAMEY - WELLEHAN

Successors to D. D. Mahony & Sons

SHOES AND HOSIERY
FOR
EVERY OCCASION

331 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CRANE HARDWARE CO.

Paints—Householdwares—Glass
and Electrical Supplies

Telephone 7787

73 Main Street

North Andover

J. PHELAN GROCERIES



85 Main Street

North Andover

WOODY'S

FEATURING

Fried Clams

French Fries

Chicken Bar-B-Q's Pepper Steaks

Hot Dogs

Try some of our FRIED FISH served
with French Fries - - - - Large Order 60c

Chickering Road

North Andover

BUNNY'S CATERING SERVICE

WE CATER ANYWHERE — TO ANY SIZE AFFAIR

Kenneth H. Dobson, *Prop.*

"Caterer of Distinction"

Den Rock Road, Lawrence

Dial 4323

Compliments of

FREDERICK E. ALLEN

FUNERAL DIRECTOR



402 BROADWAY

Phone 32427

LAWRENCE, MASS.

EVERY HIGH SCHOOL GIRL KNOWS

CHERRY & WEBB'S

IS TOPS FOR CLOTHES

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CARL W. KNIGHTLY

Johnson High School — 1920

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

MODERN FUNERAL HOME



449 BROADWAY

LAWRENCE, MASS.

GREATER LAWRENCE NEW CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION

Please Patronize Our Advertisers